

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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AUTUMN FLOWERS.

The tender flowers of summer
Have gently passed away;
And now the bloom of autumn
Gleets us in the bright array.

Gay beds of gold and crimson
And richest purple hue,
And flowers by the wayside
Alight with glistening dew.

So firmly they stand smiling,
These hardy friends of ours!
Farewell, then, summer blossoms,
And welcome, autumn flowers.

—Bertha Hirsch Baruch, in Kindergarten Review.

TAKING HIS ADVICE.

Mr. Sheldon was the principal merchant in the important manufacturing town of Tormont. He was proud of his wealth, but he was still more proud of the fact that he had made it all himself, and his pride was greatest because he had made it by never allowing anybody to get ahead of him.

"That's the secret of success in life, Harry," he said one day to his favorite clerk. "Shark's, the motto if you wish to rise. I don't mean you should cheat. That of course is both wrong and ungentlemanly." Mr. Sheldon prided himself also on being what he called a gentleman and above all little meannesses. "But always be wide awake and never let anybody cheat you. I've noticed, by the by, that you've seemed rather downhearted lately. If it's because you've your fortune yet to make, don't despair, but follow my advice. An opening will come at some time for something better than a clerkship, and, though I shall be sorry to lose you, yet I'll give you up if it's for your interest."

"Thank you," said Harry, apparently not a bit cheered up by this cool way of being told he had nothing to expect from Mr. Sheldon, "but it's not exactly that. I suppose I shall get along somehow." "What is it, my dear boy, then? I really know an interest in you, as you know." And he did so far as words were concerned. "Perhaps I can give you some advice."

"Well," said Harry, with some hesitation, "I'm in love, and—"

"In love!" exclaimed the rich merchant. "In love and with only a clerk's salary to marry on. It will never do—never do, Harry. Marriage for one like you is fastening a millstone round your neck unless indeed"—and he stopped, as if a bright thought had struck him—"unless indeed the girl is rich."

"She is rich, or will be, I suppose," answered Harry, "for her father is a wealthy man. But that's just the difficulty. Her father would never let her marry a poor man, and she won't marry without his consent."

"What a miserable tyrant!" said Mr. Sheldon. "If I was the lover, Harry, I'd run off with her. I'd checkmate the old curmudgeon in that way." And he chuckled at the imaginary triumph he would achieve. "Pon my soul, I would! I never, as I told you, let anybody take a rise out of me."

"But would that be honorable?" "Honorable? Isn't everything fair in love and war? I thought you had some pluck, Harry. How I should like to see the stingy old bulk rave and stomp about on his gony toes—for he must be gony!—when he heard of your elopement!"

And he laughed till his portly sides shook at the picture he had conjured up.

"He'd probably never forgive me," said Harry, dejectedly. "And then what could I do, with a wife brought up to every luxury and only a poor clerk's salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and nonsense! They always do forgive. They can't help it. Besides," with a confidential wink, "I think I know your man. It's that skinflint, Meadows. I've heard of your being sweet on his daughter. She's a pretty minx, though she is child. Oh, you needn't deny it. I saw how you hung about her at our party the other night, and when I joked about it with my daughter the next morning she as good as admitted that it was true, saying it would be a very good match for you. Now, I owe old Meadows a grudge. He tried to do me in those railway shares last winter, and I mean to pay him for it somehow."

I tell you what I'll do. I must not ask, mind you, who the girl is. Mum must be the word. I must not of course be known in the affair, but I'll give you leave of absence for a month and a check for \$250 to pay for your wedding trip, if you'll make a runaway match. Is it agreed? Well, there's my hand on it. Here's the check. Egad! Won't the old man howl when he hears how we've done him!"

Harry seemed to hesitate, however, and it was not until Mr. Sheldon, eager to see his old commercial rival put at a disadvantage, had urged him again and again and promised to stand by him, that he finally consented and took the check which his employer persisted in forcing upon him.

The next morning Mr. Sheldon came down to breakfast in high glee, for a note had reached him just as he was shaving, which ran as follows:

DEAR SIR—I have, with much difficulty, persuaded her to elope. It was not, however, till I showed her your check that she would consent to do so. She said that she was sure you would not recommend anything that was wrong; that you would advise her as if you were her own father, and she hopes you will stand by us. We shall be married tomorrow, before Mr. Meadows is up. Very truly,
HARRY CONRAD.

The old gentleman brought the note with him to the table, opened it out before him, adjusted his spectacles and read it over and over again.

"I'd give \$100," he said, chuckling, "to see the old fellow's face when he hears how Harry has done him."

It was the custom of Mr. Sheldon to read his newspaper at breakfast while waiting for his only child and daughter, who, a little spoiled by overindulgence, was generally late. But this morning Matty was later than ever.

The banker had read all the foreign as well as the home news and even perused Harry's note, and still she had not made her appearance. "The lazy puss!" he said at last. Then he looked up at the clock. "Half an hour late! Now, this is really too bad. 'John,' he cried, addressing the man-servant at the sideboard, "send and see why Miss Sheldon doesn't come down. Tell her," with a severe air, "I'm tired of waiting."

John came back in five minutes, looking very much flustered. "If you please, sir," he stammered, "Miss Sheldon's not in her room, and the maid says that the bed looks as if it hadn't been slept in all night."

The rich merchant's jaw fell. He started up, with a cry of agony, to go and see, but he was prevented by the footman appearing at the door with a telegram.

"A telegram!" cried the merchant, unfolding it with trembling hands. "What can it mean? Has she been found dead anywhere?"

This was the telegram:
Dear Father—Harry and I were married at 8 o'clock this morning. I would not consent to an elopement till Harry assured me you had advised it and had shown me your check as proof. He says you promised to stand by us, and I know you pride yourself on never breaking a promise. We wait for your blessing.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Sheldon when he recovered his breath. "The impudent, disobedient!"

But here he stopped, stopped and mopped his bald head, which in his excitement, had broken out into great drops of perspiration. He remembered that he had himself advised Harry to elope, and that if the story got wind he would be the laughing stock of the town, including the hardest cut of all—Mr. Meadows. He remembered, too, that he had but one child and that she was all in all to him.

So he accepted the inevitable and telegraphed back:

You may come home, and the sooner the better, so as to keep the \$250 for pin money. Tell Harry he's too sharp to remain a clerk and that I take him to-day into partnership; only he must remember that persons never tell tales out of school. God bless you!

H. SHELDON.

The runaways returned by the next train. The marriage proved, too, an eminently happy one. The story never got out. We only tell it now in confidence.—*Woman's Life.*

You keep the Sabbath day holy and it will keep you holy.

TALKING OF CHARCOAL.

"Charcoal?" slowly repeated the druggist. He pronounced the word softly as if he were studying how far the question would lead. Then he said, "The charcoal that we sell for medicine is made in two different ways."

Sandy McLaurin had been helping in the drug-store. One of his tasks was to fill some small boxes with willow charcoal. There was now a lull in business, and the druggist was in the back room; so Sandy asked the question about what he had been handling.

"One way," continued the druggist, "is to arrange long, thick pieces of wood in a coneshaped pile. This is then covered with sod, or earth, leaving one small opening at the top and several at the bottom. Then the wood is set on fire, and gradually the holes through the sod (left to make a draft at first) are closed. The wood burns slowly, because the air is kept from it, and finally is changed into sticks of charcoal, instead of crumbling to ashes, when burned in a stove. At a last step the charcoal sticks are crushed into powder in a mill."

"Another way of making charcoal is to put heavy pieces of wood into closed iron cylinders, which are then heated. The principle is the same as in the old-fashioned way, when wood is covered with sod; that is, the wood was burned away from contact of air. All the big powder-mills make charcoal in this way."

"Is charcoal used in gunpowder?" asked Sandy.

"Yes. In fact, a large proportion of all the charcoal that is made is consumed in manufacturing powder."

"Charcoal is largely composed of the chemical element carbon. An element, I think I told you once, is a substance that has not ever been decomposed or split up into other simpler substances. Gold and copper are elements. The whole world is made up of about sixty-seven elements. By and by, when you are further on in your studies, you will learn that the elements are the A, B, C of chemistry. You will learn that water is made up of hydrogen and oxygen gases; salt is formed of sodium and chlorine; and sugar contains carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Everything that you eat or drink or wear is composed of some of the sixty-seven elements. We'll go back to carbon, however; that is what started my talk of 'elements.'"

"Carbon has a wonderful family. The aristocrat of it is the diamond. I thought you would look surprised at that remark. Nevertheless, all of those diamonds that you see in the jeweler's window are pure carbon. They are carbon crystallized—the most permanent of gems, for they can neither be melted nor dissolved. The Czar of Russia has set in the end of his scepter a diamond that is said to be worth three quarters of a million dollars, and there is one in England that weighs much less than a silver dollar, but it is valued at six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

"The closest relative of the diamond is smooth black substance called graphite. In one form you handle it every day, for graphite is used in making lead-pencils. Gas-carbon is a cousin of the diamond, and is obtained, as you might imagine from the name, in the process of making gas."

"Why, did you tell me about that before when you spoke of gas? I thought only three things came from bituminous coal—gas, coal-tar, and coke," Sandy remarked.

"You are correct, Sandy; but gas-carbon is another name for coke," the druggist answered.

"Now, the diamond gives exquisite and inimitable sparkles of light, which make it of great value as a jewel; but it gives only the pleasure of possession. Its sober-hued cousin, coke, affords broad beams of light, making the path of night easy to travel, and lessening the crime that used to prevail in dimly lighted city streets. For from coke the long black pencils, or 'carbons,' used in arc-lights are made. First the coke is ground to fine powder. Then it is mixed with molasses and made into a very thick dough. After being rolled into long cylinders having a thick-

ness about equal to the diameter of a twenty-five-cents piece, it is baked. And night after night, in all seasons, the power that we know as electricity is at work in millions of pieces of carbon all over our great country, giving us light and comfort and safety."

"Yes," continued the druggist, "I can't say that this is the most marvelous effect coming directly from carbon. No doubt you know that steel is a certain form of iron, but, like many other people, you don't know exactly how it differs from ordinary iron. Well, the difference is that steel is iron containing a very small proportion of carbon—from .75 per cent. to 1.5 per cent.—and thus the iron becomes very, very hard. The surgeon, the carpenter, the engraver, and every one else who uses edged tools would be in a serious plight if they had to depend on iron alone. With steel, however, a keen edge can be secured."

The railroads in these days are almost all equipped with steel rails, which last longer than those of ordinary iron. All our wonderful cruisers and battleships wear outside cases of heavy steel plates. They are as strong as floating forts, and can withstand shocks and shots that would have sent an old-fashioned man-of-war to the bottom.

"So you see black, smudgy, willow charcoal, has interesting and useful relatives."—By Ralph Benton in St. Nicholas.

Comenius' Educational Principles.

The following summary of Comenius' educational principles, given by Professor Painter in his "History of Education," will have interest and value for those who have not read the book.

Education is a development of the whole man.

Both sexes should receive equal instruction, since the end of education is individual development.

Learning should be made agreeable.

If the superstructure is not to totter the foundation must be laid well.

Many studies are to be avoided, as dissipating the mental strength.

There should be an easy gradation of studies, the one leading naturally to the other.

Things naturally connected in themselves should be joined together in teaching.

Nothing should be taught that is not of solid utility.

Studies should be adapted to the capacity of the pupil.

Nothing is to be learned by heart that is not first thoroughly understood.

Let nothing that admits of sensible or rational demonstration be taught by authority.

Let no task be assigned till the method of doing it has been explained.

In the sciences the student should have the objects studied before him.

In languages the mother-tongue is to come first, next the languages of neighboring nations, then Latin as the language of the learned world. [This was 250 years ago.]

Languages are to be learned by practice rather than by rule. Rules should follow and confirm practice.

Words should be learned in connection with things.

The concrete should precede the abstract; the simple, the complex; the nearer, the remote.

Things to be done should be learned by doing them.

Religion is of supreme importance; and, in addition to religious instruction, the young should be accustomed to the exercise of Christian virtues, such as temperance, justice, compassion and patience.

Discipline should aim at improving character.

The teacher should be an example, in person and conduct, of what he requires of his pupils.

What a curious path fate often seems to make for mortal feet, leading them exactly whither they have resolved not to go, and shutting up against those ways which seemed so clear and plain.

FANWOOD.

The Academic Class Entertains.

DEATH OF A "LIFE MEMBER."

Distinguished Visitors—News Notes.

A meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association was held in the chapel Saturday evening, October 19th. The Academic Class entertained the audience with a debate and several readings. Below is the program:—

I. READING—Empress Josephine, by Miss Katie McGirr.

II. DEBATE—"Resolved, That the Army and Navy ought to be increased."

III. READING—"The Liberty Boys of 1776," by Miss Louise Turner.

IV. READING—"Emperor Alexander, of Russia," by Miss M. J. Kipp.

V. READING—"An Innocent Boy," by Miss M. Tanzas.

VI. NEWS OF THE WEEK—By the President.

The readings were all very interesting and were well selected. The debate was a red hot one, and the winning side won by one point only. The Affirmative side was supported by Messrs. Alfred Stern and Edward Elsworth; the Negative side by Messrs. Henry Powell and William Renner. The judges were Misses Barrager and Alice Judge, and President Fox. Their decision was as follows:—Edward Elsworth, 10 points, Alfred Stern 35, Henry Powell 6, and William Renner 40. The Negative side won by 46 to 45 points. The President then came upon the platform and gave the news of the week. He was followed by Alfred Stern and William Renner, who gave a funny short story. Next week the first regular monthly reunion of the season, will be held.

"Dr. Henry R. Rogers, one of Dunkirk's most prominent citizens and the oldest physician in Chautauqua county, died at his home in Dunkirk, Sunday, October 20th, after a short illness. Dr. Rogers was born in Winslow, Me., in 1822, and was a graduate of the Jefferson College in Philadelphia. He became distinguished for his scientific investigations and his original views of matter and the laws which govern it have attracted the attention of scientific men. His theory was that all physical phenomena, without exception, are transformations of electrical energy. His articles on astronomy and physics have had a wide circulation both in the United States and Europe and have provoked much discussion. He was a member of the Chautauqua County Historical Society, the New York State Medical Society, the American Medical Association, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. He abandoned the medical profession some years ago to devote all his time to literary work."

Albert V. Ballin, of Pearl River, twenty-five miles distant from the metropolis, visited the "scenes of childhood," on Tuesday. Mr. Ballin is an artist of ability, but takes his vacation at this season when he can enjoy the excitement of political warfare. He is a democrat of democrats, and is always ready to convince by brilliant argument any one who will permit him.

Giulio Ferreri, Vice Principal of the Institution for the Deaf, at Penedola, Italy, and also editor of a periodical called "L'Educazione del Sorlo-muti," was a visitor here one day last week. He was much interested in the work of the school, and made several points from it.

He saw the boys at Battalion Parade, and thought it nice to see a company of deaf boys drill so well.

Sunday was the first visiting Sunday since school began, and a record-breaking number of relatives and friends came to see the pupils. About five hundred people witnessed the boys go through battalion parade and review, in which they performed splendidly.

Much enthusiasm is going on at Fanwood, between the boys, over the coming football game between Princeton and Yale. The colors of orange and black of Princeton, and blue of Yale, are very much in evidence.

At a meeting of the L. B. W. of the girls society, Monday afternoon, Miss Alice E. Judge, who was President of the Senior Branch last year, and who did excellent work for it, was chosen a member of the Advisory Committee.

The cadet-officers take especial pride in their room now. On one of the walls is a fine adornment, which is military. It was put up only a few days ago. The rest of the room is also decorated with a lot of banners and flags.

Dr. Warring Wilkinson, Principal of the California Institution for the Deaf, was a caller at the Institution, on Monday afternoon. He was conducted over the various buildings of the school by the Principal.

The cadet officers again met the privates in a game of football, and won by the score of 26 to 22. This is the second out of three games, and therefore the cadet officers' team is champion of this school.

Prof. Fox is suffering with a bruised finger. He came in contact with the door of his classroom, and now will have to lose his finger nail and bear the scar of the battle for the rest of his life.

The recent accident at the Rapid Transit Tunnel, where five men were killed and a score or more entombed, brought many of the boys to the scene where it occurred.

Mr. Frank Adams, formerly of the hall boy of the Institution, was a visitor here this Monday. He is now employed at the Savoy Hotel.

Our steward, Mr. Wilcox, has been very sick with pneumonia the past week, but we are glad to say that he is gradually getting better.

Miss Louise Turner enjoyed herself last Saturday, with her sister, in the New York Theatre, where "Florodora" is the attraction.

Miss Mabel B. Wells witnessed the football game between Princeton and Brown Universities last Saturday, at Princeton, N. J.

Prof. Jones gave a reading in the chapel Sunday evening. His subject was "The Mysterious Stairway of the Heart's Delight."

Mr. Edward Rappolt, a graduate of the class of 1900, was the guest of Miss P. Burchard, on Sunday last.

Miss A. Townsend, a teacher here, received a visit from her sister, one day last week.

Theodore S. Rose was a caller last Thursday.

W. R.

Two Series of Remarkable Numbers.

Professor Asaph Hall has recently drawn attention to the following series of numbers:

1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11.
13 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.
133 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.
1334 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.
13345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.
133456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.
1334567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111.
13345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.
1 times 8 plus 1 equals 9.
12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98.
123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987.
1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876.
12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765.
123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.
1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543.
12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432.
123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321.
—The Equitable Record.

The real test of a man is his motive, which we do not see, nor do his acts always represent it.

WORD OF WISDOM.

Being forced to walk, and forced to do your best, will breed temperance and self control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn and neglect.

Be careful of your days for every day is a little life, and we know not when it may end, and every life is but a day repeated.

Do not let want of success depress you, but struggle on. Labor hard continuously, and you will win in the end.

Modesty and humility are the sobriety of the mind; temperance and chastity are the sobriety of the body. Moderation is the silken string running through the pearly chain of all virtues.

Silence is the understanding of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well.

In the human breast two master passions cannot co-exist.

A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies.—*Ex.*

Why he Took a Carriage.

A TALL, portly, dignified citizen, arrived in New York the other day, and having no luggage but a light travelling satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals of the hackmen as he emerged from the New York Central station. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* tells what happened.

"Fee-thavoo hotel? Fifth Avenue—goin' riteway! Fifth Avenue?"

Mr. Dignity stalked right on without a word. Another knight of the whip charged down upon him.

"Say Denis! Say Denis! This way for the Say Denis!"

No response from the traveller, and not a muscle moved in his face. Then there was a rush of half a dozen.

"Kerridge, sir, kerridge? Wanter kerridge?"

"Waldorf Astorier! Take a kerridge for the Waldorf!"

"Holland House, sir!"

"Hoffman House? Hoffmun?"

"Broadway Centr! Right on Broadway! Ere you are, kerridge, sir?"

The traveller loomed up like a tenpin among vinegar-cruets, and, with face as placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and silently moving away from the crowd of hawks, who looked after him with something like amazement, when a sudden thought seemed to strike one of the knights of the whip, who ran after the portly gentleman and seizing his travelling bag, cried:—

"Deaf an' dumb asylum, sir? Goin' right up!"

This was too much. Dignity relaxed into a cherubic smile, and the witty hackman had the honor and profit of driving Thomas B. Reed, ex speaker of the House of Representatives, to his home.

Explanation of Bible Phrases.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to about one inch.

A shekel of silver was equal to about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was \$8.

A talent of silver was \$538.30.

A talent of gold was \$13,809.

A farthing was three cents.

A piece of silver or a penny was thirteen cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.—*Christian World.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year, \$1.00
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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Scath it all befall the man,
That every one is done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

A LETTER of inquiry addressed to Hon. Fred W. Atkinson, General Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Philippine Islands, concerning the education of the deaf, but such schools will be established as soon as the great work of starting the elementary schools is well in hand. Mr. Atkinson writes:

"These schools are contemplated, and it is only a matter of time when they will be organized."

The inquiry also developed the information that there has never been anything done hitherto in ameliorating the sad condition of the deaf in the Philippines, but that the Catholic orders have done a good deal for the blind.

The opportunity is now afforded for some bright and well-educated deaf man to tackle the matter of opening a school, say at Manila, where the headquarters of Public Instruction are located. The compensation given the instructors of the schools for the hearing already established is quite high, and we believe free transportation is given and the salary begins at time of embarkation.

If the matter of educating the deaf in the Philippines is allowed to solve itself or to await the unsolicited movement of the Department of Public Instruction, it will be a long time before anything is done. The educational problems at Manila are already vast and complex, and it will require the insistence and clamor of the deaf, if anything is to be accomplished.

We have little doubt but the object lesson of making intelligent people out of the deaf and dumb will have a good effect upon the Filipinos. They must regard the deaf and dumb as idiotic and useless; just as the civilized nations of olden times regarded the similarly afflicted of their communities. Many of the Institutions of the United States, that now are regarded with pride by the people, had their inception from the efforts of the deaf themselves. Now let us see who will have the glory of inaugurating the education of the deaf in the Philippines.

The schools for the deaf are, after all, not the only institutions of education that are sometimes afflicted with the incubus of politics. Here is the Boston Journal saying editorially: "The man or woman who devises means of keeping politics out of the schools will have no difficulty in solving the problem of perpetual motion."

THE Pelican, published at the Louisiana Institution, situated at Baton Rouge, announces the death, on June 15th, of Francis Du Bose Richardson, at the age of eighty-nine years. A lengthy tribute is paid to the deceased, who was known as "the father of the Institution for the Deaf." Over fifty years ago Col. Richardson was a prominent and active figure in Louisiana politics, and was the author of the bill for establishing an institution for the education of

the deaf. He had a hard struggle to obtain its passage, but eventually succeeded, and the bill became law in 1850. In the reception room of the Institution since 1854, a large portrait of Col. Richardson has hung, and in the hearts of the deaf his memory will ever be cherished.

A Correction.

DEAR EDITOR:—Kindly allow me space in your paper in regard to the statement in last week's Register stating that our firm failed. It is not true. We have sold our business to a new company called the International Crepe Paper Company incorporated under N. Y. State laws, and its condition is healthier than before.

Yours truly,

F. W. MEINKEN.
Oct. 21, 1901.

Care of the Ears.

Never put anything into the ears for the relief of toothache.

Never apply a poultice to the inside of the canal of the ear.

Never use anything but a syringe and water to clean the ears.

Never drop anything into the ear unless it has been previously warmed.

Never strike or box a child's ears. This has been known to rupture the drumhead and cause incurable deafness.

Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to deafness. Wear an oil silk cap while bathing and refrain from diving.

Never scratch the ears with anything if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hairpins, pencil or anything of that nature.

Never let the feet become cold and damp or sit with the back toward a window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.

Never put milk, fat or any oily substance into the ear for the relief of pain, for they soon become rancid and tend to incite inflammation. Simple warm water will answer the purpose better than anything else.

Never be alarmed if an insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can be easily removed by the fingers. A few puffs of smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, button or seed, enters. Leave it absolutely alone, but take the sufferer to a physician as quickly as possible. Woman's Life.

Keep Out of Debt.

Debt is a troublesome factor in human life. It is easier to get into it than it is to get out of it. Wisdom says avoid it; run not into it hastily or suddenly, or if it has been incurred pay it off as soon as possible and keep out of it. Every man thinks he is the best judge of his circumstances and does not take kindly to advice from outsiders, but the wisest of us would do well to heed the voice of experience. Thousands have suffered because they thought themselves wiser than others. Ruined reputations and business follow heedlessness about going into debt. Numbers contract a habit of borrowing, and with the multiplication of their wants, larger and larger sums are obtain until complete disaster overtakes them, or if some of them manage to keep things afloat during their lifetime by various expedients, they leave bankrupt estates behind them and financial ruin to their dependents. Debt is one of the crying evils of the day. Churches and homes suffer from it as well as societies and business. There is need to emphasize anew Paul's practical principle: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another"—Presbyterian.

A Dangerous Clam.

The giant clam is the largest bivalve known. In northern Australia this is considered an edible species and is regularly sought after by the natives.

Mr. Denton, of the United States Fish Commission, has seen clams containing forty to fifty pounds of meat, and it is matter of record that individuals weighing 300 pounds have been observed. The giant clam lies almost concealed in the reefs, just showing the beautiful blue and green of its mantle above the coral. The crushing power of this shell is startling. Mr. Denton thrust a stick as big as a man's leg between the valve of one of them and it was broken short off. The natives have a wholesome dread of stepping unawares into one of these formidable traps. They kill the animal by stabbing it with a long sword and then remove the meat without disturbing the shell, thus saving themselves a vast amount of labor and trouble.—Baltimore Sun.

If the works of God were such as that they might be easily comprehended by human reason, they could not be justly called marvelous or unspeakable.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Three Victories on the Gridiron.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

A Chocolate Collation.

From our Washington Correspondent.

By way of variety, it affords us much pleasure to record three victories for Gallaudet on the gridiron this week. The Reserves covered themselves with a large amount of glory and a few bumps and bruises. Wednesday, they went out into the suburbs and introduced themselves to their old enemies, the kickers of Maryland Agricultural College, who had trounced them so often.

The game was an exciting one. The farmers seemed to have things their own way during the first few minutes, and scored a touchdown. Goal failed. Then our boys warmed up to their work, tackled low and fiercely, and when they got the ball, bucked the line, and dodged around the ends and through the tackles and guards. Friend, the quarter back, did some excellent work, especially at tackling. Mayer, full back, was sent through the line again and again, making big gains. Friend was injured during the game, and Phelps took his place. Score was 6 to 5 in favor of Gallaudet at the end of the first half.

Things grew hot in the second half, and the farmers were only able to score once. By hard work, our boys scored another touchdown. M. A. C. had the ball within a few feet of their goal toward the end. They lost it on downs and then forfeited the game to Gallaudet, because a decision of Umpire Andree did not suit them. Score was 11 to 10 in favor of Gallaudet.

Friday, the Reserves lined up against Western High School, and paid back old scores in a way very satisfactory to Gallaudet's supporters. Twice our boys had the ball within a few feet of the goal, and lost it on downs. Meunier and Mayer made the only two touchdowns for Gallaudet, and Pfunder kicked goal. The High School boys, although the heavier team could not stand the terrific bucking Gallaudet gave them. Score was 12 to 0.

The Varsity team puzzled the Western Maryland College boys on Saturday. The game was a good, clean one throughout. Gallaudet piled up a score of 11 to 0. The good news produced sore throats, among the students at Kendall Green. They made the window panes rattle when they gave their yell.

The program rendered by the Literary Society, Friday evening, was a very interesting one. President Gallaudet's lecture on the Paris Congress was highly appreciated. The debate: "Resolved, That Immigration should be restricted by the government," was upheld on the affirmative side by Messrs. Foreman, '03, and Fugate, '05; on the negative side by Messrs. Cowley, '03, and Long, '05. The judges' decision was in favor of the negative side. The dialogue: "The Sinkerson, a Hunting Trip," by Messrs. Cameron, '04, and Erd, '05, was good. Friedman, '04, followed with a declamation, "Count Eberhardt, the Growler of Wartenberg," and the report of the critic, Mr. Painter, ended the program.

Meunier, '05, went around Friday clad in a full dress suit, silken tie and cane. Looked as if he had been out all night. Phelps, '05, came in the dining room at noon, rigged out as Rube Hayseed from Staybackville. Stevens, '05, made a very good clown. Garrett, '05, found it rather chilly clad only in his gymnasium suit. Brown, '05, was a heap big injun and peddled peanuts at no profit at all. Erd, '05, looked positively guilty as a tramp. Wheeler, '05, was the yellow kid from Hogan's Alley.

No. I am not reporting a masquerade. It was simply the new members of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity celebrating their admittance to membership. In the afternoon, at the Western High School game, they sold peanuts and chocolate in order to forget their queer make up. Of course no profit was realized on their wares.

The Golf craze is spreading. Prof. Ely was seen on the campus last week learning how to fizzle. Carpenter, '02, has improved so far that he can tell a niblick from a brassie. Hewelson, '03, is willing to teach any one the game of golf minus the superfluous vocabulary. A golf club may be organized soon.

The O. W. L. S. held their first literary meeting of the term Saturday evening. The address of welcome was delivered by Miss Zell, '02, and the response by Miss Fritz, I. C. Miss Morse, '05, read her

essay on "The Experiences of the Ducks." Declaration of "America," by Miss Hagler, '05. Critic's report, Miss Snyder, '02.

Rehearsals of the play to be given by the S. N. D. C., on Saturday, November 30th, have been going on since Tuesday. Painter, '02, is bound to make this play the best ever produced at the College. It will be a pantomime.

Mr. Albert Worn's aff, '00, and his charming wife have been spending part of their honeymoon in this city. The bride was formerly Miss Laverna Carr, of New Zanesville, Ohio. They were married on Wednesday, October 16th, at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Worn's staff has hosts of friends in College, and with his wife has been a frequent visitor. While the co-eds are entertaining the bride, Mr. Worn's aff is entertaining the students, recalling old battles on the foot-ball field. He was a star player during his student days. Congratulations to them both.

The young ladies of the Freshman Class held a party all by themselves, Friday. The menu consisted of chocolate bonbons, chocolate ice cream, chocolate eclairs, and such things. The party was given in honor of the foot ball Reserves, most of whom are members of the Freshman Class. They were not invited. Training bars chocolate bonbons, and eclairs produce dyspepsia.

Miss Ida Montgomery is staying with Prof and Mrs. Denison, on Faculty Row.

J. H. K.

A Lesson From a Bright Life.

Who tires of reading about Helen Keller? This wonderful girl, deaf, blind, and dumb—or at least dumb until recently—is perhaps the best-known and best-loved young woman in all the land. We have followed her from those early days when the indomitable perseverance and marvelous skill of her teachers pierced through the shell in which a sad fortune had enclosed her beautiful soul. We have watched her progress, step by step, as the world has unfolded itself before her delighted appreciation. Of recent months we have seen her entering Radcliffe College, and taking honorable rank there. Unending effort has even given her the faculty of speech, though she can hear no syllable that she utters. When chosen vice-president of her class, she rose at the freshman luncheon, and said distinctly: "Classmates, it is a great pleasure, and I esteem it a great honor, to be present here and speak to you. I am glad to have an opportunity to thank the class for their kindness in electing me their vice-president, and I hope that I may become acquainted with many of you. Though I cannot see you, I will soon know you by touching your hands."

"Miss Keller," said one of her teachers, the other day, "is really the happiest person I know of. And why? Because of the great obstacles she has overcome."

Now isn't that a secret worth knowing and practicing? We all want to be happy. Who is there of us that may not find this pathway to happiness: obstacles to be overcome? Fortunately for our feeble wills, they will not be Helen Keller's obstacles. We have those priceless possessions, our five senses. But as soon as we try to do things, we shall run up against obstacles in sufficient abundance. The main thing is—to try to do things.

You are like Helen Keller. You are blind—blind to words of thought and beauty. You are deaf—deaf to a myriad of voices of the unseen world. You are dumb—your lips closed to a thousand noble utterances that might inspire your friends and fellows. Oh, learn to see, hear and speak! Break through all barriers that shut you out from the best that is possible for you. Leap up the mountain side, nor wait for the path to be blazed. You will find morasses, windrows, precipices, tangled thickets, dangerous beasts. Every foot of progress must be fought for. But as you go on, rising higher and higher into ever widening and more glorious landscapes, there will fill your soul a joy like that of this heroic blind girl, and it will be said of you, as of her, that you are among the happiest of mortals, because of obstacles overcome.—Caleb Cobe, in Endeavor World.

DIED AT SEVENTY.

MARLBOROUGH, October 18.—Abraham Johnston died at his home in this village Saturday morning. He was a deaf-mute and was ever seventy years of age. He was a native of New Paltz, but had resided in this village over forty years. He leaves one son about eighteen years of age, Charles Johnston, of this village.—Newburgh Daily Journal.

Artificial honey may be made by squeezing the juice of ripe tomatoes through a cloth and adding to each pint of the liquid a pint of sugar, and boiling until the consistency of honey is obtained.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mrs. Ernest Bingham left for Charlotte, N. C., October 14th, to visit her sister, and will be gone about six weeks.

Elam Will and family have removed from Easton, Pa., to Elizabeth, N. J., where Elam has secured a position in the car shops.

E. Bingham wonders what became of the Class Letter of '95. They are either lost or sidetracked somewhere in its wide circuit. He hasn't seen them in a year!

Graham Witschiet, the son of Peter Witschiet, of Goshen, N. Y., is a prominent young lawyer of Newburgh, N. Y. He has just been nominated for President of the Common Council of that city, and all of Peter's friends hope that his son will be elected in November.

Ernest Bingham and wife spent a couple of days in Greensboro, N. C., with Mr. and Mrs. L. Ray, at their palatial home on West Market Street. In the fashionable part of the city. They took in the Central Carolina Fair and were surprised and pleased with it. It was a decided success. By the way, the Ray residence is the only shingled house in the city. People pour by just to see and admire it. It was designed and built by Fred Slover, formerly of Boston, but now of Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIED.

In the 68th year of her life, Mrs. Helen A. Rider, wife of Henry C. Rider, formerly Superintendent of the Northern New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, died of heart disease, October 13th, 1901. Mrs. Rider had been in failing health for several months. She was taken to the Adirondacks for the summer, and the mountain air seemed to do her good, but as the Fall approached her disease became more progressive, so she was removed to Malone, where she died. Mrs. Rider was for twelve years matron of the institution of which her husband was superintendent.

Engine Hit Deaf-Mute Without Hurting Him.

MANFIELD, MASS., Oct. 15.—James McGinn, a deaf and dumb man, was struck by an engine here and thrown into the air. The train was stopped, but McGinn had no bruises and did not seem to be injured.—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

OCTOBER.
26—7:30 P. M., St. Mark's, Malone.
27—10:30 A. M., Trinity, Utica.
27—3:30 P. M., Zion, Rome.
27—7:30 P. M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
28—7:30 P. M., Trinity, Watertown.

Additional services between the above regular appointments will be announced later.

Around the World in Twenty Minutes.

During recent years the Eden Musee has had many novel features. These have not been confined entirely to wax groups and specialties but have extended in a marked degree to moving pictures. The Musee's mechanics developed and improved the moving picture machines until to-day they are almost perfect. It originated many mysterious pictures and sent artists throughout the world to historical and novel scenes. More than one thousand different pictures are shown at the Musee each year. Its latest success is a special series entitled "Around the World in Twenty Minutes." The visitors apparently leave New York and visit successively England, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Russia, Africa, India, Hindoostan and Australia. In the several minutes passed in each country typical scenes of that country are shown including movements of the people. These include the activity of the large cities, the Arabs upon the plains, the bushman in Australia and the Fakirs in Hindoostan. Altogether the pictures are interesting and at the same time just as instructive as short visits to those countries. Several persons who travelled around the world were asked to select what to them were the most interesting scenes and these are the ones have been reproduced at great expense. These pictures are shown each afternoon and evening. At the other hours different series are shown comprising historical, comic and mysterious. The historical series includes pictures of the Pan-American Exposition including President McKinley's last speech. The Musee is well filled every day and its many wax groups and figures of historical events make it a great teacher of history. Afternoon and evening concerts are given daily in the Winter Garden, and the programmes are made up of choice vocal and instrumental selections. Special attractions are also given each week.

Ram's Horn Pointers.

Benevolence is better than benevolence.

There is always a tree for every Zacheus.

Unless He is supreme He is not the Saviour.

The run-away tongue raises the dust of scandal.

He who is seeking comfort cannot win the conflict.

Often he who most fears for life is least afraid of death.

The law and the Gospel are harmonized in the law of love.

No power without pain.

Too much rest makes rust.

The brave man is ever a believing one.

The empty life can never be a holy one.

The tiniest devil is a tremendous evil.

Our interests determine the level of our lives.

The flowers of honor bloom in the soil of humanity.

The light of a Christian life either shines out or it goes out.

Make no compromises with sin, for sin will make none with you.

The best way to overcome error is to emphasize the truth it ignores.

Money-making for God is as right as making a god of money is wrong.

The Saviour can change even stumbling blocks into stepping stones.

The trouble with some scientists is that they live in the coal mine of their investigation and call their candle the sun.

The man who revolves around himself will never get anywhere.—*Ram's Horn*

MADE A MESS OF IT.

He was a young man. He had studied law in his father's office, and his father finally retired and gave the business to him. One day, less than a week after the old gentleman had retired, the young man came home and proudly said: "Father, you know that old Gilpin estate case that you have been trying for years and years to settle."

"Yes," answered the father, with a suggestion of a smile.

"Well, it didn't take me two days to settle it after I got it."

"What!" shouted the old lawyer. "You have settled the Gilpin estate?"

"Yes; and it was just as easy as rolling off a log."

"Well, you infernal idiot, you! Why, that estate has paid the living expenses of our family for four generations, and might have paid them for four more if I hadn't left the business to a nunny."—*Lewis-ton Journal*.

Classifying a Mummy.

M. Maspero, the eminent Egyptologist, tells an amusing story of his experience with custom house officials at a certain European port. He had landed a case containing a superb mummy, an authentic Pharaoh of the sixteen hundred B. C., and counted on seeing it passed without further trouble.

But the officer insisted on opening the case, and a minute inspection of the article inside it, of which he could make nothing, though he concluded that it must be valuable from the care with which it was packed, he told the archaeologist that he would have to levy duty upon it.

"What!" exclaimed M. Maspero; "duty on an Egyptian Pharaoh?"

But the official was a man who knew not Pharaoh, and was not to be laughed out of his duty.

"It is true," said he, after searching the tariff table carefully, "that Pharaohs are not mentioned in the tariff, but they are dutiable all the same, for they come under the head of 'unclassified articles,' and are subjected to the maximum rate as such."

And as "dried fish" was the most highly taxed of imports, the royal mummy was taxed under that head.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

OCTOBER 27TH—TWENTY FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AT 3 P. M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf Mutes, at 10 A. M.

GUILD ROOM

OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH, EIGHT P. M.

The Guild of Silent Workers will meet on Tuesday, October 29th.

There will be no meeting Tuesday evening, November 5th, on account of the election.

Rev. Mr. C. Orvis Dantzer's Appointments.

Hereafter services for the deaf in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street, as follows:

SERVICES.

First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P. M., Evening Prayer.

Second Sunday of each month, 11:00 A. M., Holy Communion.

Third Sunday of each month, 7:30 P. M., Evening Prayer.

Fourth Sunday of each month, 11:00 A. M., Morning Prayer.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

By Henry W. Longfellow, 1807.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, however pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God overhead.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

The Youngest President.

President	Age at Inauguration	Cause of Death	Age at Death
Washington	57	Pneumonia	76
J. Adams	52	Debility	70
Jefferson	58	Chronic diarrhoea	83
Madison	58	Debility	85
Monroe	59	Debility	73
J. Q. Adams	58	Paralysis	71
Jackson	63	Consumption	78
Van Buren	55	Asthmatic catarrh	79
Harrison	68	Bilious pleurisy	68
Tyler	51	Bilious attack	71
Polk	54	Chronic diarrhoea	53
Taylor	65	Bilious fever	65
Fillmore	50	Debility	74
Pierce	49	Indis of stomach	64
Buchanan	66	Phlebotomy	77
Lincoln	52	Assassination	56
Johnson	57	Paralysis	66
Grant	47	Cancer	68
Hayes	54	Paralysis of heart	70
Garfield	49	Assassination	49
Arthur	51	Bright's disease	56
Cleveland	48	Living	—
McKinley	48	Pneumonia	68
McKinley	48	Assassination	58
Roosevelt	43	Living	—

—S. lected.

In 1866 the farm value of wheat was a little more than a dollar and a half a bushel (inflated currency). In 1881 it was \$1.19. The low-water mark was 49 cents in 1894.

AMUSEMENT WORLD.

Extensive vaudeville programs prevail at Proctor's Theatres next week, along with an excellent selection of comedies for presentation by the Proctor Stock Co. Sunday, the man of marvellous strength, enters upon his last week in New York, at the Twenty-fifth Street Theatre, and it is likely that great crowds will take advantage of the last opportunities to witness his wonderful exhibitions of strength. The Hanlons head a programme of straight variety at the Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, and the vaudeville performances at the

NEW YORK.

Gave His Life to Save a Deaf Man.

BASKET BALL AGAIN.

Items Both Grave and Gay.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The following is taken from one of the New York papers of Saturday last. Wonder who the deaf man is:—

"While trying to save a deaf man from being run down by the fire engine of which he is driver, Charles Victor received injuries this afternoon at Bergen Street and Schenectady Avenue, Brooklyn, that may result in his death.

"Victor's engine is No. 130 and is located at Bergen Street and Troy Avenue. It was called to a fire in a stable on Herkimer Street, near Schenectady Avenue.

"With Victor holding the lines the engine dashed up Bergen Street at terrific speed. As it reached Schenectady Avenue a deaf man suddenly started across the street. Several men and boys on the corner yelled and whistled at the man and the firemen rang the engine bell loudly as they could, but the deaf man was utterly unconscious of it all.

"Just as the engine reached the man and death seemed inevitable, Victor gave a powerful tug to the reins and switched the horses to ward the corner. The wheels of the engine caught the curb and with a terrific crash the engine was turned completely over. Victor shot head foremost to the sidewalk and lay there unconscious.

"The engine missed the deaf man by about a foot. The crash of the falling engine failed to disturb him and he passed on his way across the street without even looking around.

"Every one ran to the fallen driver, and the deaf man was not noticed again.

"Victor had both ankles broken, his scalp cut in several places and received internal injuries besides. He was taken to St. Mary's Hospital."

On Wednesday evening, October 16th, the "Silent Five" played their first game of the season at Cosmopolitan Casino, 168th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and easily defeated the All New York by a score 30 to 14. In the first half, the "Silent Five" scored 17 to the All New York's 3. The feature of the game was the fine throw of Prinsizing, and fine playing of Ryan, McVea and Rapoldt. In the second half both teams substituted players, and the game proved more interesting. Mr. Wesley Van Tassel, a tutor in the Fanwood School, acted as umpire in the first half, and in the second half he played on the All New York team. The preliminary game was between the Defiance and the Hiawatha teams, the latter won, 11 to 8, although outplayed in the first half. There will be another game next Wednesday evening, at the same place.

After a lingering illness, the mother of Mr. Louis Lowenstein, died on Saturday, October 19th, at the age of 85, and was buried on Monday, the 21st. Her family, relatives and friends paid their last respects to her. Rev. Dr. A. Colman officiated at the funeral, which was held from her late home. As she lay in the handsome cloth covered casket, on which rested several clusters of flowers and a sheaf of wheat, the old lady looked naturally as if she had fallen into a peaceful sleep, and death assuredly was to alleviate her sufferings and pains. She was good, thoughtful and wise counselor to her beloved children. Mr. Louis Lowenstein was the sole support of his dear mother, and was also a good son to her. Several of Mr. Louis Lowenstein's deaf friends were present, including Messrs. Leopold Lowenstein, Theodore A. Froehlich, Emanuel Souweine, Emil Basch, Joseph Sonneborn, Korngold and Isaac Golland, Jr. Messrs. Leopold Lowenstein and Isaac Golland, Jr., accompanied the remains to Washington Cemetery. Mr. Louis Lowenstein's many friends extend their heartfelt sympathy.

Some misunderstanding about the date of Mr. Charles J. Le Clercq's lecture, prevented about thirty of the deaf from enjoying his disquisition on "Art," last Tuesday evening. Mr. Le Clercq did appear. By Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's request, Mr. E. A. Hodgson presided, and after waiting fifteen minutes for the expected lecturer, he invited Mr. Albert Ballin to fill up the gap. Mr. Ballin responded with a very interesting story, in which the mysterious prevailed. Then Mr. W. G. Jones told a gruesome tale

in which a pawnbroker, an evil-eyed saloon keeper, an innocent girl, a detective, several policemen and three murders, made up the *dramatis personae* and the elements of the plot. He received breathless attention, and shared with Mr. Ballin in the applause of the evening. The meeting adjourned at ten.

The Lexington A. A., conscious of certain defeat, the team being composed of raw recruits, most of the regulars being absent, met the Prospect F. C. at the Catholic Proctory grounds, and were defeated by 17 to 6. From a scientific point of view, the L. A. A. had really won, as their opponents far outweighed them. Wigley (L. A. A.) made a brilliant dash through tackle, running thirty yards and scoring a touchdown. Daniel, C. Miller, Kley and Wigley, were the star players.

The foot ball team of the Deaf-Mute Athletic Club scored another victory, by beating the Union Foot Ball Club, the score being 15 to 0. Fricken made two touch downs. The next game will be held in Jersey City, on the 27th, against the Hudson Athletic Club.

Misses Schmidt, Dahme and Dixon attended the fair of the 1st Presbyterian Church, in Jersey City last week, and Miss Dixon was the lucky holder of a prize coupon. The present was a beautiful pin cushion.

Miss Elsie Blum gave a reception, at her home on the upper West Side, on Sunday last. It was a sort of good-bye to her days of single blessedness, as she is to be married next month, the happy man being Felix Simonson.

There will be a political mass meeting at the rooms of the Deaf-Mute's Union League, 1777 Broadway, near 58th Street, on the evening of Saturday next.

Miss Rosa Schmidt, of Jersey City Heights, visited her friend, Miss Gorf, at Montclair, N. J., on Sunday.

Mrs. Orlando A. Clarke, of Mystic, Conn., was the guest of her son, Edward P. Clarke, a few days last week.

Mute Girl Hid in a Cave for Weeks.

ROOT AND NUTS HER SCANTY FOOD, BUT SHE LOVED LIBERTY.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Oct. 19.—After a nine weeks' search Sarah Purtee, a deaf and dumb inmate of the County Infirmary, who escaped from that institution, has been found living in a cave three miles east of this city. She was in a pitiable condition. Her clothing was in rags, and over her garments she wore two coffee sacks to shield her body from the cold. Of shoes she had scarcely a trace, and her feet and legs were bleeding from contact with the rocks and bushes of the hills.

J. W. Jenkins, of New Boston, walking over the hills east of the city, discovered a beaten path of which he had no knowledge. From a spring on the hillside it led straight to the mouth of a cave extending 15 feet into the hillside. At the entrance were the remnants of a pair of woman's shoes, giving evidence of occupation, and Jenkins crept quietly in. Unhearing but intuitively warned of approaching danger, there arose quickly from one corner of the cave a unkempt being who advanced upon him with strange motions. Jenkins slowly retreated to the mouth of the cave followed by the woman. In the open air he grappled with her. Notwithstanding her emaciated appearance, she struggled bravely for freedom, using teeth and finger nails. Conquered at last, she was brought to this city and lodged in jail and committed to the Athens asylum.

An examination of the cave disclosed the slender resources upon which this girl had depended for life. A few apples, several ears of corn, a small pile of walnuts, a collection of roots and herbs were the food upon which she subsisted. A small bottle filled with water quenched her thirst as she lay hidden in the recess during the day.

At night she slumbered on a couch of dry leaves hemmed in by stones and boulders forming some semblance of a bed. In this primitive manner she lived for nine weeks, scarcely one hundred yards from an electric line, along which hundreds of people daily passed. That she was happy in this mode of life is evident from the manner in which she raved by gesture and half articulated words for the woods and open air.

We are not to yield up our intuition in any being, while we may largely doubt our judgment at all times.

God never birds us climb without bidding us also look. Broader vision is the reward of all aspiring endeavor.

We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous. The less a man thinks and knows about his virtues, the better we like him.

PHILADELPHIA.

A "Public Opinion" Meeting.

MRS. SY E HOME AGAIN.

His Right Arm Amputated.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the absence of President Durian, Vice-President Breen presided at the meeting of the Clerical Literary Association in Thursday evening, 17th of October. It was a "public opinion meeting." Mr. Martin C. Fortescue was the first speaker and gave his views on the tariff and the abduction of Miss Stone. He was followed by Miss Katie Keen, who also spoke on the tariff and then on anarchy. And, lastly, Mr. Breen put in a good share of talk upon other topics. Thus an interesting and profitable evening was passed. The attendance, however, was not as good as usual, owing, perhaps, to the threatening sky on that night.

Mrs. M. J. Syle reached this port on Sunday at noon and was met by her two sons. Together they immediately proceeded to her home in Germantown. She did not make her appearance at All Souls' that day owing to the fatigue of the voyage. She was accompanied on the homeward trip by Mr. William Gracey, a deaf mute of Belfast, Ireland, who, after remaining here a couple of days as Mrs. Syle's guest, will go to his brother in Fostoria, Ohio, and he may remain in this country. We have not seen Mrs. Syle yet, and so we can not say more.

A Halloween social is being arranged by a Committee of All Souls' Guild, of which Mr. Harry E. Stevens is Chairman. It will, of course, be held on the evening of October 31st, in All Souls' Hall. Admission will be ten cents. We are unable to give further details at this time, but, as the affair will be under the management of an efficient committee, an enjoyable evening may be looked for. The committee asks the deaf to bring their hearing friends along to join in the merriment of the evening.

The following clipping from a Wilmington, Del., paper was handed to us by a friend:—

Charles T. Malone, the deaf-mute, who had his right arm crushed under a Philadelphia and Reading railroad freight train on Monday, and subsequently had the member amputated above the elbow, is resting comfortably in the Homeopathic Hospital. News of Charles' great misfortune was received by his friends with sorrow, and since many inquiries have been concerning him. As a member of the Y. M. C. A. he was widely known, and was interested in all branches of the work, notwithstanding the fact that he is unable to hear or to speak. It is the hope of all his friends that he may be able soon to leave the hospital.

Another item in the paper concerning the case, read thus:—

Members of the Y. M. C. A. are raising a fund for buying flowers to send to Charles T. Malone, the member, whose arm was amputated at the Homeopathic Hospital a few days ago.

It is certainly very kind in Charles' friends to remember him with flowers, but the money that buys them might be of much greater use to him in future, being minus his right arm.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., will hold a meeting at All Souls' Hall on the evening of October 29th. There will probably be an election of officers and other important business transacted. It will be an opportunity for all deaf who desire to join the Society, and we hope there will be a large number of them. The fee paid to the Branch makes the payee a member of the Society and he thereby helps the Home Fund. All will be welcome to this meeting, whether members or not.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schreiner, of Upland, celebrated their first wedding anniversary on Saturday, October 12th; instead of on the 10th. They had as guests a number of relatives and deaf friends, who not only offered them congratulations, but also remembered them with presents, both pretty and useful. The evening was pleasantly spent in different ways, and later appetizing refreshments were served. Among the deaf present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Puttington, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Delp, Mr. and Mrs. John Tarry, and Messrs. Wm. McKinney and R. R. Robertson, and Miss Mary Spurry.

Mr. Harry Smith was initiated into Typographical Union, No. 2, on Saturday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders have moved on Boyer Street, a short distance from their former place.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul have also moved to a better place not far from their old one.

Miss Cora L. Ford is reported ill, but the report says she is improving now.

Mrs. Anna J. Chapman is back again after a long absence in Delaware and Maryland. Much of her time was spent in Newport, Del.

Mr. B. Bollinger is working in Norristown, and makes trips to the city every week, his wife remaining here.

Miss Mary Spurry and her sister, Virgie, are boarding with the Tarrys at Upland. They came from Delaware.

John Brown is one of our most enthusiastic football players, playing on different teams. He is a good player, too, they say.

Mrs. Thomas Breen and son, Walter, called on the writer, but failed to prevent him from writing this letter.

CALIFORNIA.

LOS ANGELES DEAF LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, October 2d, 1901, a number of the more prominent deaf women of Los Angeles, Cal., met at the home of Mrs. A. M. Andrews, on Boyle Heights, for the especial purpose of organizing a new society among themselves, the name of which was to be known as "The Ladies' Aid Society."

Promptly at two o'clock the little band, strengthened by the genial presence of Mr. Thomas Widd, the well known and popular lay-reader to the deaf of Los Angeles, gathered in the cosy little studio of Mrs. N. Buchanan, who makes her home with Mrs. Andrews.

After a short prayer by Mrs. Andrews, and a brief address delivered by Mrs. Buchanan, in which she beautifully and expressively displayed the fact that, while we may often grow weary of doing good to others, and faint would give up the fight and allow others less fortunate or happy than we may be, to shift for themselves, the Lord is never unkindful or unappreciative of our true worth—the meeting proceeded to business.

There being little or no opposition to the five officers sequentially elected, the affair passed off smoothly resulting in the following election: President, Mrs. A. M. Andrews; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Henry Dahl; 2d Vice-President, Mrs. Thomas Widd; Secretary, Mrs. R. D. Livingston; Treasurer, Mrs. N. Buchanan.

Following the selection of officers, Mr. Thomas Widd kindly consented to address a few remarks to those present. Besides dwelling especially upon the great amount of good work already done among the deaf of Los Angeles by Mrs. Andrews and her friend, Mrs. Buchanan, who had both come to the city of Los Angeles less than a year since, Mr. Widd strove to make the fact plain to his interested hearers that much may be gained by steadfast prayer alone, "for," as the good man aptly put it, "did I not pray long and earnestly for some one to keep me in my work among the deaf here, and did not the Lord respond by sending me, not one, but two able women whose persistent efforts in the way of real assistance none can deny." Then followed a brief prayer by Mr. Widd, after which the company separated into little groups to discuss matters of a social nature, finally adjourning as the clock struck four, to meet again at the home of Mrs. Norman Lewis, on Vermont Avenue, November 1st.

Following is a list of the presiding officers and of such members as have enrolled up to the present date: President, Mrs. A. M. Andrews; First Vice-President, Mrs. Henry Dahl; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Thomas Widd; Secretary, Mrs. Robert D. Livingston; Treasurer, Mrs. Nellie Buchanan. Members: Madames Langering, Murray, Cook, Bailey, Llewellyn, Buchanan, Andrews, Livingston, and Dahl. Misses Mary Henry, M. Fitzpatrick, of Rochester, N. Y., L. Nohsey, Connor, Adair and Rogers.

A Surprise Party.

A surprise party was given to Mr. W. E. Guss, of Elizabeth, N. J., on October 5th, in honor of his birthday. He was formerly a resident of St. Louis. About thirty people were present, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Guss and their daughter Barbara, and some of her hearing friends, also Mr. and Mrs. Schaub, Mr. and Mrs. Heller, Mr. and Mrs. McManus, Mr. and Mrs. Penrose, Mr. and Mrs. Elam Will, of Easton, Pa., Misses Perry, Dunlop, Messrs. Waldron, Schwing, Maria, and several others who, "for the life of me," I can't remember. Games, dancing and a supper followed the unwrapping of numerous birthday tokens. After being piloted around town for about two hours by a friend, who was in it, Mr. Guss returned home to find the dining room packed with guests.

The Empress of Russia was recently presented with a shawl of remarkable kind. It is contained in a box only a few inches square, in which it fits easily, yet when it is shaken out it is 10 yards square. This notable gift was the work of some women weavers in Orenberg, southern Russia, by whom it was presented.

The box containing it is of wood, with hinges, hoops and fastenings of beaten silver. The shawl will be worn by the Czarina only on state occasions.

OHIO.

Independents Score Another Victory.

A SAD CASE.

Firebug Davis Escapes and is Recaptured—Notes of a Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

One more victory was added to the fame of the Independents last Saturday. The contest came off up in the classic town of Delaware, and the vanquished team was the second eleven of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and this was their fourth straight lay out by the Independents. The game was not as lively as it might have been, owing to a drizzling rain, which commenced falling just as operations were about to begin. The first half resulted in a cipher for both sides. In the second half W. Wilds, for the Independents, secured a touchdown by some very clever work, and thus earned the victory for his side.

Following was the line up:

O. W. U., 2d (O).	(5) INDEPENDENTS.
Robertson, I. e.	r. e. Mayer
Wright, L. e.	r. e. W. Wilds
Wright, L. e.	r. e. g. Bauman
Ganet, C. e.	r. e. Evans
Johns, R. g.	r. e. Connelly
Vogau, R. e.	r. e. G. Wids
Oswald, R. e.	r. e. J. e. Dis
Parlin, G. e.	r. e. Humilski
McCallage, I. h.	r. e. b. Brochak
McCallage, R. h.	r. e. h. Harris
Wichenbach, f. e.	r. e. Robinson

Touchdown—W. Wilds. Referee—W. H. Zorn. Umpire—H. Welch.

The boys were received with open arms, upon their return home by their school fellows over the victory. Messrs. Blackburn, W. Baker, Clyde Long and Harry Karusoer rode up to the town on their wheels, a distance of 25 miles, to root for the team, but owing to the muddy condition of the roads, waited till evening to return by train. Messrs. Zorn and Beckert accompanied the team to see that they were given fair play. There is no scheduled game to-day, though it was hoped the Dayton team would give them a chance to wallop it. The first High School teams of Columbus are afraid to tackle them. However, the second team will have a game this afternoon on the home grounds with the minor teams of the High Schools of this city.

The following pitiable case was in the press dispatches of this week:

PORTSMOUTH, O., Oct. 14.—Sarah Purtee, a deaf and dumb inmate of the Scioto county infirmary, who escaped from that institution over two months ago, was found living in a cave near New Boston this morning. In the cave was a bed of dry leaves, a few ears of green corn, a small pile of apples and a quantity of herbs and roots of different varieties, showing upon what she had subsisted. Her hair hung in tangles over her haggard countenance, but not hiding her deep-set eyes, from which glowed the fire of insanity. She was first discovered by Joseph Jenkins and taken in charge, although in the sign language of the mutes she entered a deep protest against her capture and struggled sharply to free herself. She will probably be committed to the Athens Asylum.

As far as our inquiry goes, no one here seems to know the unfortunate woman. Mr. R. P. McGregor, a year or so ago, was in correspondence with those who had her in charge, then endeavoring to get her placed in the Home, but after certain instructions, necessary to the end, were forwarded, no more was heard from them. It is indeed, a sad case, and most likely her being sent to the infirmary, where no one able to converse with her, and being in a lonely state, brought about the derangement of her mind. All this could have been avoided, had her friends complied with the conditions to place her in the Home.

"Charles Davis, better known as Dummy Davis, the fire bug, escaped from the state hospital Saturday evening, about 5 o'clock. He had been an inmate of the institution for the past four years, having been placed there because of his mania for burning buildings.

"Davis is entirely deaf and dumb. He was a well-known character about the city for a number of years. His parents live on Bruck Street. He developed a mania for burning buildings about ten years ago, and was arrested on the charge of arson. He was dismissed on a lunacy warrant and remanded to the state hospital.

"He was permitted the freedom of the grounds Saturday afternoon for exercise and walked away. Police headquarters have been notified to look out for the man. He escaped about two years ago when he fired several houses on Main Street before he was captured."

The above was published in the Dispatch, Sunday morning. Fortunately Davis was not at liberty long for he was apprehended and returned to the institution the following day. He has three brothers, also deaf, who are employed in a store on 4th Street, this city.

Mr. Albertus Worstnaff was in Columbus, Monday, on his way to Zanesville, where at high noon, he

was wedded to Miss Laverna Carr. The honeymoon includes a trip to Washington City and the East, after which they will be at home to friends at Ashley, the home of the groom. We join with others in extending hearty congratulations. Miss Barker, of this city, was a guest at the wedding. For obvious reasons, none of the Institution people, who had received invitations to the wedding could be present, however, they sent their regrets and congratulations, and also presents.

Saturday, several nutting parties were out in the country. Miss May Greener with her class of this year, together with some of the class of last year, was up about the Home, and came back with a big supply. Messrs. Schory and Greener went down to Lancaster among the Hocking Hills, and were amply repaid for the expense not only in the nut line, but also in the scenery, which at this season of the year, is just grand, as nature is then painted in variegated colors.

Late in the afternoon, on the way to town, the road was lined with vehicles returning from the Fairfield County Fair. It appeared as if the whole country had been taking in the attractions.

An especial point of interest in Lancaster is Mt. Pleasant, a high rock just back of the town, made famous in the early times of the State, as the rendezvous of numerous Indian tribes of the valley, when on the warpath against the pale-faces. At its southeastern foot resides a gentleman remarkable for his age, 92. He is Rev. Dr. Schory, an uncle of Mrs. A. H. Schory. The latter and the writer had the pleasure of calling on him Saturday, and for a man of his age, was found to be bearing his years remarkably well. His mind is still clear. He is a graduate of Princeton College, Andover and New York University. He has resided in his present location for forty years.

Superintendent and Mrs. Swiler, late of the Wisconsin Institution, are to arrive here this evening, and be the guests of Superintendent and Mrs. Jones.

Five hundred and eight pupils were registered Thursday.

Miss Mary C. Bierce has returned to Cleveland from a month's visit with friends in Chicago.

Miss Jane Campbell, after a visit of several months with friends in Ohio, returned to Evanston, Ill., the first of last week.

A. B. G.

Oct. 19th, '01.

Aged Deaf-Mute Dead.

Wm. W. W. Miles, who was perhaps the oldest deaf-mute in Indianapolis, sixty-five years of age, died Sunday, August 3d, at 3 o'clock P. M. of Bright's disease, after a long illness, at his residence on North Capital Avenue. The burial took place the following Tuesday afternoon at Crown Hill, several deaf friends of the deceased being present, for whom Mr. W. E. Todd interpreted the service. Mr. Miles had a fall about two years ago by which he was severely injured, from which he never fully recovered and which was the direct cause of his death. He leaves a most estimable life partner, who has sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends. Mr. Miles was a very industrious and good man, and his widow is well provided for the balance of her life. He was employed for many years as a cabinet-maker at the Udel Wood Works, the pall bearers being among his former associates at the factory, where he was held in great esteem, as well as among the many friends whom he has left to mourn his demise.—*New Era*.

William Wallace Miles was a pupil of the New York Institution, at time the school was located at 50th Street and Fifth Avenue. He entered in 1847, at the age of twelve years. He became deaf from scarlet fever in infancy. His native place was Hopewell, Ontario County, N. Y.

A Curious Trap.

A curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive is to be seen near Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam. The labyrinth is formed of a double row of immense tree trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing.

Where it begins, at the edge of the forest, the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile wide, but as it approaches Ayuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around.

Suspecting no danger the wild elephant enters the broad opening at the forest end, lured on by a tame elephant. The gradual narrowing of the boundaries is not observed until the elephant finds himself in close quarters.

Having reached the end of the labyrinth, the tame elephant is allowed to pass through a gate, while the feet of the captives. The sport is a dangerous one, for the enraged elephants sometimes crush the hunters under their feet.

It may be that you haven't more trouble than others, but that you have more time to think about it.

CHICAGO.

Made Milliners of the Men.

BIRTHDAY PARTIES.

News of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Just like a woman! What is just like a woman? The men trimmed ladies' hats and wore them! The Ladies' Aid Society opened a grand opening of Fall millinery for charity at the audience room of the M. E. Church, Saturday evening, under the direction of Mrs. George T. Dougherty, the patentee of the odd fad. All the ladies were requested to bring untrimmed hats, trimmings, threads, needles, thimbles, etc. Every gentleman was kindly asked to buy these articles to test his skill in trimming a hat. Many funny incidents were told of some men who were busy with the needle. The thimbles were not needed, for their fingers were hard enough. The eyes of the needles were large enough for a camel to go through, and thus the men made no complaint, and did credit with their needles. They cut the thread with their teeth. They were called to wear the hats after the limit of time had expired, and the spectators were admitted for inspection on the merit of the work.

Jockey tobacco jar was carried off by Mr. O. Regensburg, winner of the first prize for being elected a first class milliner. What a milliner our Oscar is! And he is apt to think of adding the new novelty to his printing business. To his way of thinking, there is nothing under the sun so beautiful as his hat, that it could be done by any fair lady at the M. E. Church on Sundays.

Mr. Shorty Curl was consoled with a toy dog for the comeliest trimming.

A certain gentleman who was too bashful to face the ordal in the presence of ladies, skipped unobserved out of the room for a smoke, and was not missed until the limit of time for trimming was up.

Before the contest, a dialogue between Mrs. H. Benstab and Mrs. Bowes, was given. The subject was "Is it right to ornament hats with stuffed birds?" Mrs. Dougherty then told how foolish women spent money on hats, and how common-sense ones remodel old hats with little expense.

At the conclusion of the contest, a social hour was enjoyed, during which coffee and sandwiches were served. The event was a success in every way.

Mrs. Charles Kerney, of Decatur, Mrs. Conrad Oliver and Miss Jacob, the latest visitors in Chicago, were interested spectators at the millinery opening. Mr. E. Pashby, the gentleman farmer of Constantine, Mich., and Bruno Loh, the intelligent artist of Bronson, Mich., also enjoyed the occasion very much.

A surprise birthday party was tendered Mrs. Bradley, in Pullman, on Wednesday, the 16th. Only ladies were the invited guests. Those present were Mesdames Boyle, Schorr, Norris, McCarthy, Page, Elliott, Gotthaler, Friday, Martin and Kessler. Light refreshments were served. The affair was arranged by Mrs. Kessler.

Mr. John Fred Roth was surprised by the gathering of "old society" people at his home Saturday evening, for his birthday. Mrs. Dunn, daughter of Mr. Roth, entertained the company. Refreshments were served, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

The boys down here are inquiring jealously of each other who "Hobsonized" "Pat."

The Gibneys are now domiciled at 744 St. Lawrence Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Reinke have returned from a summer vacation, which they have been spending on a farm in Indiana.

Mr. George Taylor has returned from New York, where he has been spending a long vacation. He visited the Pan-American before returning home.

Miss Julia Gavin is very much alive! I beg her pardon for announcing that she was a corpse. But it was her married sister who died.

A Halloween party will be held at the club rooms Saturday evening, of this week. Mr. James E. Gallaher will be the speaker on that evening.

Take notice.—The deaf papers of the schools in the United States, which have been sent for the Pas-a-Pas Club for some time, are kindly requested to change its address to No. 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Messrs. Codman, Wayman, Hart, Frank, Sonneborn and Kingon returned in a body from Buffalo Sunday.

The engagement of Miss Edna Mountain to Mr. Walter Rosback is announced.

Miss Elmira Mather, of Jacksonville, will be wedded to Mr. Philip Lupien this month. CHICAGO.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St.

BUCEPHALUS.

Bucephalus was the handsomest horse in the great stables of King Philip of Macedon. He was tall and beautifully formed. His mane was soft and thick. His jet-black tail swept the ground. He was as graceful as the sea gulls that flit along the Macedonian coast, and as swift as the wind which bears them.

This wonderful horse, unfortunately, was almost as famous for his ugly temper as for his beautiful body. Such a vicious, kicking, rearing, balking animal as he never lived, before or since.

King Philip hired training-masters from all parts of his kingdom to "break" his splendid horse, for he thought the animal ought to make a fine war charger. Bucephalus refused pointblank to make friends with any of them. He scorned bit and bridle, and hated the men who tried to coax him to wear them. Sometimes he would stand very still while the horse-trainer walked up to him, watching for a chance to spring upon his back.

Then just as the hand was laid upon his neck, Bucephalus would toss his head, prance backward and wheel around in an instant, snorting defiance as he galloped away.

This was discouraging. Finally half the celebrated horsemen in Macedon had tried their luck and failed. "He is a wild beast and can never be tamed," they said. The king himself had been hurt by a bad fall when Bucephalus had pitched him into a ditch, so he was quite ready to agree with the trainers, and ordered that the horse should be fastened up in the stable and kept on exhibition.

One morning when the grooms were leading the other horses out for exercise, a boy suddenly sprang through the open stable door and ran up to the stall where Bucephalus was chained.

"Why don't you leave out Bucephalus?" he called to a passing groom. The man stood gaping in amazement.

"My noble Prince, why do you ask so strange a question? You know how wild the beast is. He is no common horse. Some people believe that he is possessed by the soul of some departed king, and will be ruled by no spirit less lofty than his own."

The young Prince Alexander, for the boy was no other than the king's own son, laughed aloud. "Well, King Bucephalus," he said, "I love you for your proud will. My spirit is no less lofty than yours. I shall be king some day. If you are born to rule, why, so am I. Let us see who is to be master!"

A knot of servants had gathered about the boy. "Oh, Prince, do not go near the wild horse," they cried. "You will be bitten! You will be thrown down! Keep away! Keep away!"

But the prince had already tossed aside the cape which hung about his shoulders and was walking straight to the king of horses.

"Look out for his teeth! Hold him by the chain," the frightened servants warned him.

Bucephalus stood with ears held black and eyes ablaze. "Touch me if you dare!" He seemed to say. He saw a hand stretched toward him and expected every moment to be struck. The hand slid along his forehead and rested gently upon his nose. The horse threw up his head to bite the strange hand, when his eyes were caught by another pair of eyes very close to his own. The eyes of Alexander were kind and gentle, but determined.

To the surprised Bucephalus, they said: "I will not hurt you, but you must yield." He tried to turn his head away, but the eyes of the prince would not let him go.

"Come, friend Bucephalus, we will go out and exercise together," and before the gaze of the awe-struck people, he led the horse out of the stable and mounting his proud back, rode up and down before the palace of his father.

Such is the story of Alexander and his horse. The name of Bucephalus has been famous for two thousand years, and the boy Alexander, having conquered the unconquerable horse, lived to conquer the whole of the Eastern world.—*Ex.*

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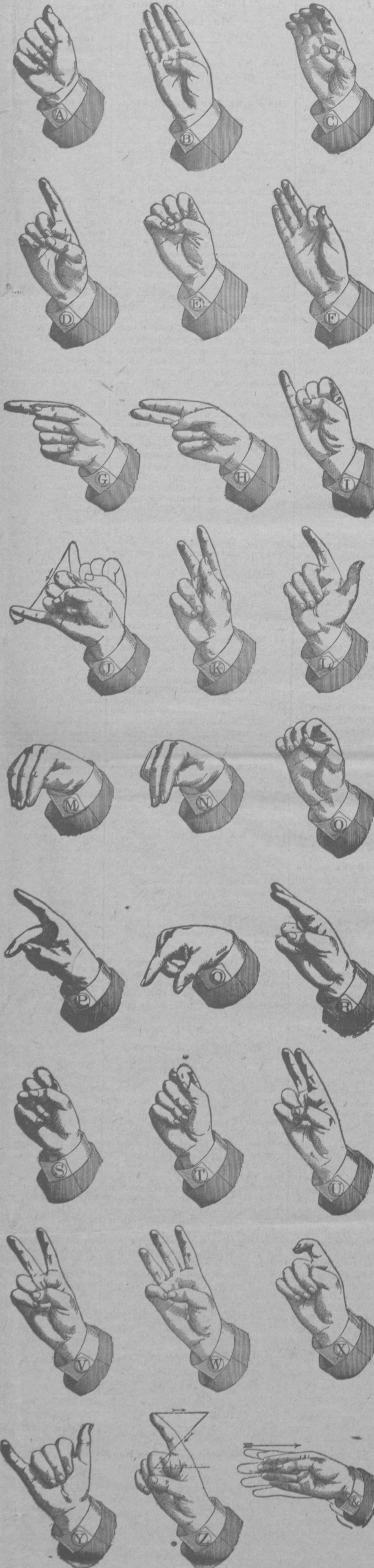
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[Details later.]

American Manual Alphabet.



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Donations may be sent to:—

Mr. Walter S. Kemeys, Treasurer, 7 East 62d Street, New York City.

Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 887 West 145th Street, New York City.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Mr. F. L. Seliney, Deaf-Mutes' Registrar, Rome, N. Y.

Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason, Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

THOMAS GALLAUDET,

General Manager of

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